THE
Triumphs of London:
PERFORMED
On MONDAY, OCTOBER XXIX. 1683.
FOR THE
ENTERTAINMENT
OF THE
Right Honourable, and truly Noble Pattern of Prudence and Loyalty,
Sir HENRY TULSE, Knight,
LORD MAYOR of the City of LONDON.

CONTAINING
A DESCRIPTION of the whole SOLEMNITY.
WITH
Two new SONGS set to MUSIC.

Printed for

THE

TRIUMPHS OF LONDON.

THE King's moſt excellent Majeſty having been pleaſed to appoint Sir HENRY TULSE to be Lord Mayor for the Year enſuing, a Perſon very eminent for his Loyalty to his Prince, and Generoſity to the Citizens, and who was the next to the Chair by his ſtanding in the Court of Aldermen; Sir *William Prichard*, the preſent Lord Mayor, iſſued forth his Precepts to ſummon the reſpective Liveries to attend His Majeſty's new Lord Mayor (according to ancient Cuſtom) to *Weſtminſter* (to be ſworn) on *Monday*, the 29*th* of this inſtant *October*, 1683. who in obedience thereto meet at their ſeveral Halls, and from thence march ſome to their ſtands, to make a Lane for his Lordſhip as he paſſes; and others to attend him in their Barges to *Weſtminſter*.

In the Morning, the Aldermen and Sheriffs wait on the new Lord Mayor from his Houſe to *Guildhall*, where the old Lord Mayor joins them; from whence they march (preceeded by Gentlemen-Ushers, Budge-Batchelors, Penſioners, &c. carrying Banners; and the Maſters, Wardens, and Aſſiſtants of the chief Companies) through *King-ſtreet* down to *Three-Crane Wharf*, where the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and ſeveral Companies take Barge for *Weſtminſter*, whilſt the Gentlemen-Ushers, Budge-Batchelors, &c. who remain behind, repair to places of Refreſhment.

His Lordſhip, the Aldermen, and Company of *Grocers* (his Lordſhip's Company) landing at *Weſtminſter*, have a Lane made them by the Livery-men, through which they paſs to *Weſtminſter-hall*, where his

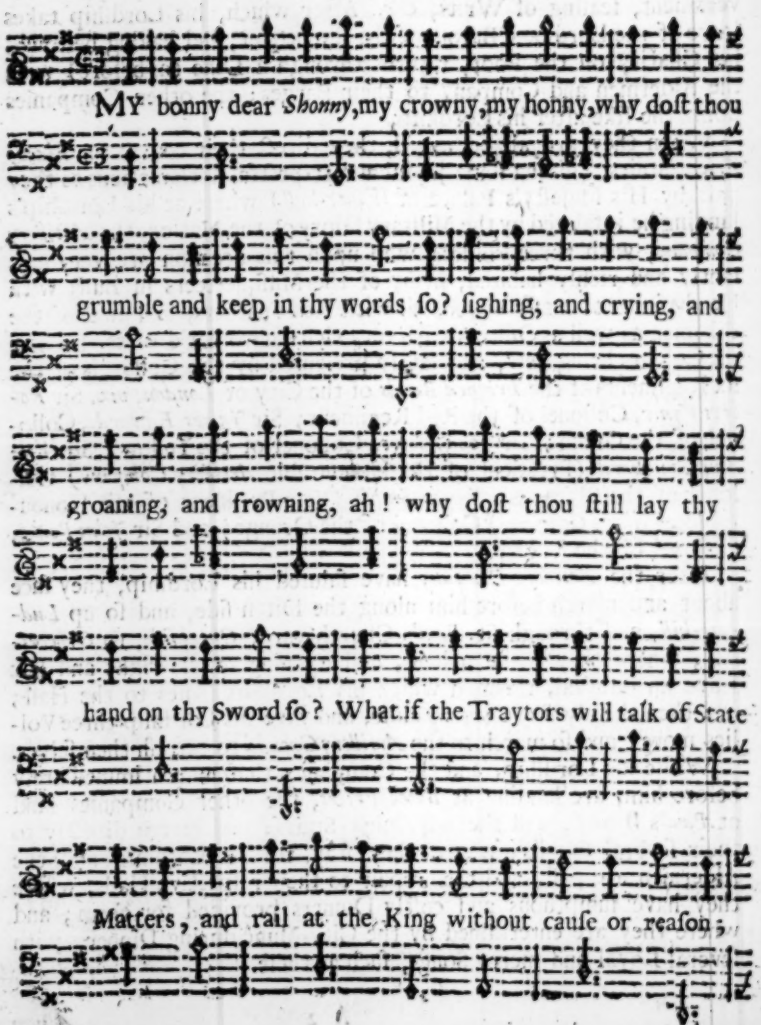
his Lordſhip performs ſeveral cuſtomary Duties and Obligations, as taking an Oath to be true and faithful to His Sacred Majeſty and Government, ſealing of Writs, *&c.* After which, his Lordſhip takes leave of the Lords and Barons of the Exchequer, and having beſtow'd his Charity on the Poor, returns through a Lane (as before) with the Aldermen and Company to their Barges; the other Companies doing the like after his Lordſhip.

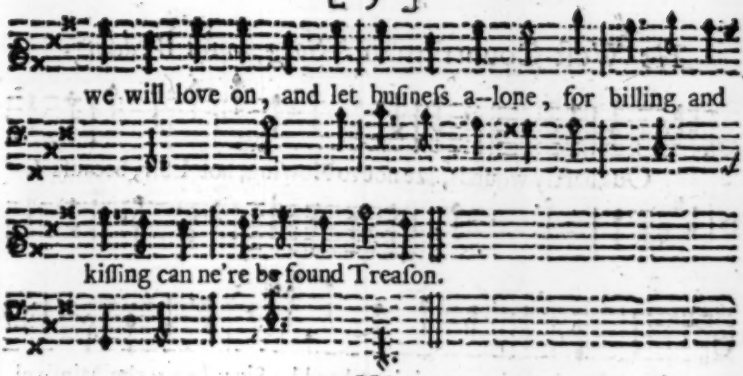
When they are all imbarg'd, they direct their courſe for *Black-Friers* Stairs, (giving ſome joyful and reſpectful Acclamations as they paſs by His Majeſty's Palace of *White-hall*) where at his Lordſhip's landing he is ſaluted by the Military Glory of the Nation, the *Artillery Company*, with three Vollies; who upon this occaſion are very gallantly and richly habited, many of the Muſquetteers in Buff, with Head-pieces of maſſy Silver, all with Red Feathers, and moſt of the Pikemen as well as Officers with very rich embroider'd Belts. Their ſix Colours being new, and lately preſented by the Collonels of the ſix Regiments of the *Trained Bands* of the City of *London*, *viz.* Sir *Robert Vyner*, Collonel of the Red Regiment; Sir *James Edwards*, Collonel of the Green; Sir *John Moore*, Collonel of the Yellow; Sir *William Pritchard* (Preſident of the Honourable *Artillery Company*) Collonel of the Blew; Sir *James Smith* (Vice-Preſident of the Honourable *Artillery Company*) Collonel of the Orange; and Sir *John Peake*, Collonel of the White.

After the *Artillery Company* have ſaluted his Lordſhip, they face about and march before him along the Ditch ſide, and ſo up *Ludgate-hill*, and through St. *Paul*'s Church-yard, *Cheapſide*, to *Grocers-hall*, where they make a halt, and opening to the right and left leave an interval, through which his Lordſhip paſſes to the Hall; and then the *Artillery Company* cloſe, and give his Lordſhip three Vollies more; and ſo march to the *Artillery Ground* to refreſh themſelves.

While his Lordſhip, and the Companies that march immediately before him, are landing at *Black-Friers*, the other Companies land at *Paul*'s *Wharf*, and the adjoyning Stairs, and march directly to their ſeveral Stands, where they ſtay till his Lordſhip and the Aldermen are paſt, and then repair to their reſpective Halls, where they have ſumptuous and coſtly Dinners provided for them; and where they are entertained by the City-Muſic during Dinner, with ſeveral Loyal and merry Songs, ſuch as theſe.

A new IRISH *Song.*





II.

Plotting and ſotting, and railing and fooling,
Cods-woons with the Rabble is now all the faſhion;
Swearing and tearing, caballing and brawling,
By Chreſt and St. *Patrick*, 'twill ruine the Nation:
He's but a Widgeon that talks of Religion,
Since Rebels are now the Reformers and Teachers;
Sodom's Diſciple debauches the People,
Oh Heaven defend us from all ſuch Preachers!

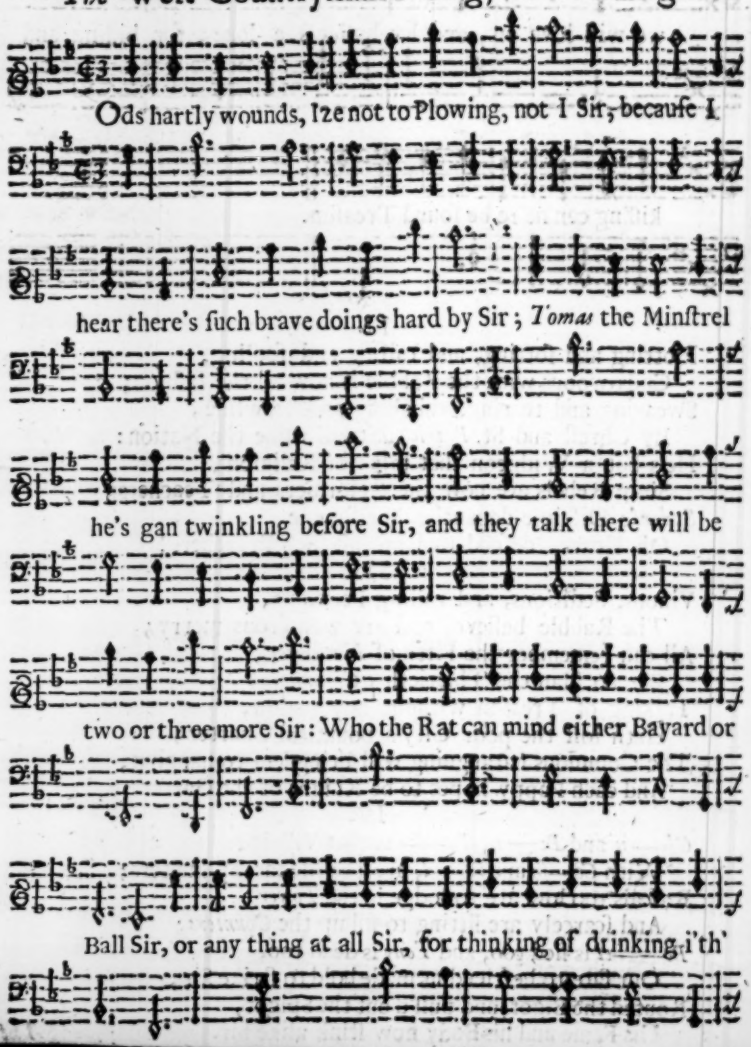
III.

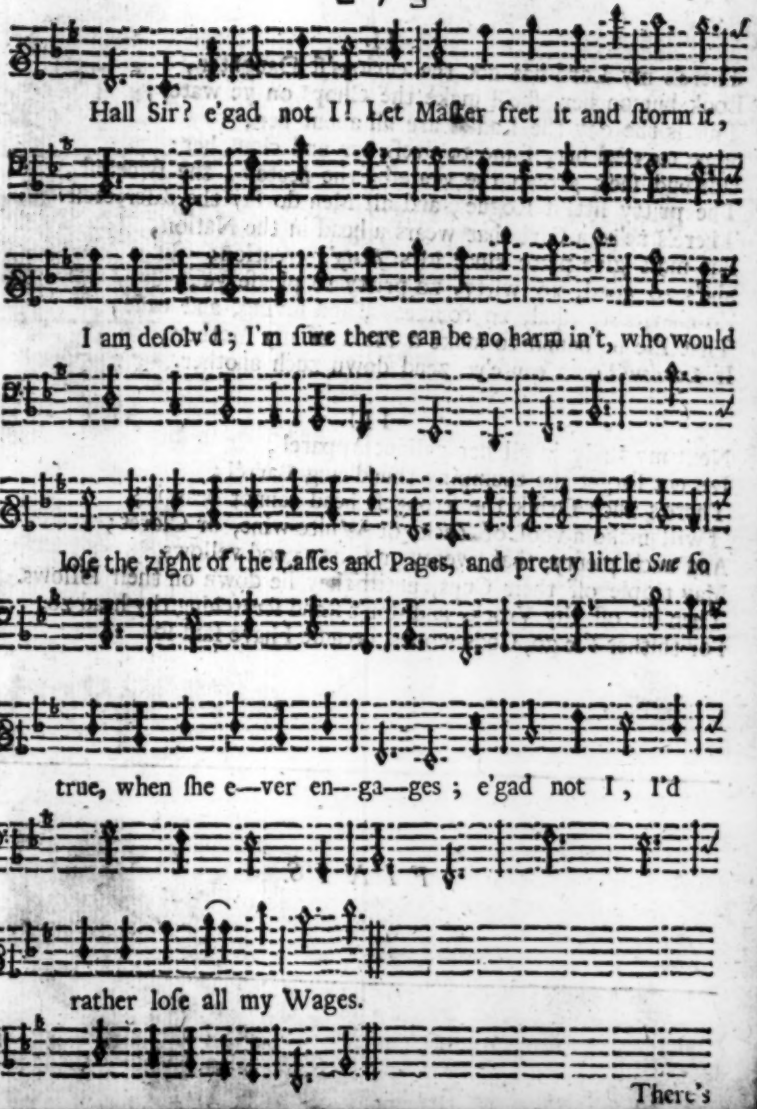
Viſions, Seditions, and railing Petitions,
The Rabble believe, and are wond'rous merry;
All can remember the Fifth of *November*,
But no Man the Thirtieth of *January*:
Talking of Treaſon without any reaſon,
Hath loſt the poor City's bountiful Charter;
The Commons haranguing will bring 'em to hanging,
And each Puppy hopes to be Knight of the Garter.

IV.

Cl——*n* and *Pe*——*n*, *Pa*——*on* that Villain,
With *Co*—*ſh* and *W*—*d*, are the Monarchy-hunters;
Raſcals too low are to lodge in the *Tower*,
And ſcarcely are fitting to fill up the *Counters*:
Be——*el* is fled too, and *Tony* is dead too,
Our fate to befriend us made bold to ſtrike Sir;
Routed the Bigot, and pull'd out the Spigot,
His Fame and his Body now ſtink alike Sir.

The West-Countryman's *Song, on a Wedding.*




Hall Sir? e'gad not I! Let Maſter fret it and ſtorm it,
I am deſolv'd; I'm ſure there can be no harm in't, who would
loſe the ſight of the Laſſes and Pages, and pretty little *Sue* ſo
true, when ſhe e—ver en—ga—ges; e'gad not I, I'd
rather loſe all my Wages.

There's

II.

There's my Lord has got the curiouſſt Daughter,
Look but on her, ſhe'll make the Chops on ye water;
This is the day the Ladies are all about her,
Some to veed her, ſome to dreſs her and clout her:
Uds-bud ſhe's grown the veateſt, the neateſt, the ſweeteſt,
The pritty littl'ſt Rogue, and all Men do ſay the diſcreeteſt.
There's ne're a Girl that wears a head in the Nation,
But muſt give place zince Mrs. *Betty*'s creation;
She's zo good, zo witty, zo pritty to pleaſe ye,
Zo charitably kind, zo courteous, and loving, and eaſie,
That I'le be bound to make a Maid of my Mother,
If *London* Town can e're zend down zuch another.

III.

Next my Lady in all her gallant Apparel,
Ize not forget the thumping thund'ring Barrel;
There's zuch Drink the ſtrongeſt head cannot bear it,
'Twill make a vool of Zack, or White-wine, or Claret;
And zuch plenty, that twenty or thirty good vellows
May tipple off their Cups, untill they lie down on their Pillows.
Then hit off thy Vrock, and don't ſtand ſcratching thy head zo,
For thither I'le go, Cods-woons, becauſe I have ſaid ſo.

FINIS.